

# K. OF P. BENEFIT COMING

The Hallam Company Will Present the  
Lodge Play at the Grand  
February 8.

To all Knights of Pythias and their  
friends:

"Clarksburg Lodge, No. 39, has been  
fortunate enough to close a contract  
with the F. R. Hallam Company to place  
upon the stage at the Grand Opera  
House in this city on the evening of the  
9th of February, the dramatized version  
of the story of Damon and Pythias.

"It was this dramatized version of the  
version that gave Justus H. Rathbone  
the first idea of founding the order of  
Knights of Pythias, and every member  
of the order as well as all who hope some  
day to become members and all lovers of  
the beautiful story of friendship and  
fidelity should witness this production.

"This production is given, not so much  
for the benefit of this lodge, but for the  
advancement and upbuilding of our be-  
loved order, and every K. of P. who has  
friends whom he thinks will make good  
members of the order should endeavor  
to get them to come and witness this  
play. This production is to be played  
by a professional troupe, composed of  
first-class actors, among whom is Mr.  
Frank Henning, of Wheeling, W. Va.,  
who will be remembered by a number of  
people in this community as having ap-  
peared in this city a number of years  
ago in a Shakespearean role.

The indications are that the house  
will be crowded to its utmost capacity.  
On this account, we want to give mem-  
bers of the order and their friends a  
chance for seats before they are offered  
to the general public.

Those having their names on the sub-  
scription list will be given the chance of  
securing their choice of seats one day  
in advance of those being offered to the  
public.

"You can have your name placed on  
the subscription list by calling in person  
on any member of the committee, or by  
dropping either of them a postal card  
stating how many tickets you desire,  
or if you are at distance from the city  
and will be unable to get to the ticket  
office and select your seats on the day  
that the tickets are placed on sale, the  
committee will make the selection for  
you, if you will enclose the amount of  
your tickets to any one of them, stat-  
ing in what part of the house you de-  
sire to secure a seat, and the committee  
will be glad to serve you to the best  
advantage.

"The committee has already a num-  
ber of selections to make. The price of  
tickets will be 50c, 75c and \$1.00.  
Moe Lewis,  
W. A. Fletcher,  
E. W. Holden,  
J. H. Henderson,  
C. A. Chambers,  
Committee.

## LOAR & WHITE

Are justly proud of the shoes they  
sell, being made by the most celebrated  
shoe makers in the world. The Stetson  
shoe for high grade, have neatness, com-  
fort and elegant style, that cannot be  
surpassed. The J. E. Tilt shoe for med-  
ium grade, and the most comfortable,  
long wearing shoes that can be found  
anywhere, and the Excelsior shoes for  
boys, cannot be beat. Each man or boy  
who wears a pair of these shoes is a  
customer and friend to the firm who  
sold them. Jan.26-14.

## Just One Minute.

One Minute Cough Cure gives relief  
in one minute, because it kills the mi-  
crobe which tickles the mucous mem-  
brane, causing the cough, and at the  
same time clears the phlegm, draws out  
the inflammation and heals and soothes  
the affected parts. One Minute Cough  
Cure strengthens the lungs, wards off  
pneumonia and is a harmless and never  
failing cure in all curable cases of  
coughs, colds and croup. One Minute  
Cough Cure is pleasant to take, harmless  
and good alike for young and old. For  
sale by Wells & Haymaker.

## AN IMPORTANT FEATURE

Of every store that would have suc-  
cess, is to have the goods that the peo-  
ple want. Loar & White, the correct  
clothing, on Third street, have well  
earned the reputation of having the  
goods that the people want in great  
variety, and at the right price. This  
fact has been proven over and over  
again by all our people. If you do not  
believe it, go and see them in their  
beautiful store and be convinced. Jan.26-14.

## Wonderful Nerve

Is displayed by many a man enduring  
pains of accidental cuts, wounds, bruises,  
burns, scalds, sore feet or stiff joints.  
But there's no need for it. Bucklen's Ar-  
nica Salve will kill the pain and cure the  
trouble. It's the best salve on earth for  
piles, too. 25c at Frank G. Bland's drug  
store.

Joe W. Phillips, special tuner to the  
piano and organ artists at Carnegie  
Music Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., is in the city  
at the Walker House. He solicits the  
patronage of his former patrons. 121-81.

## STORY OF AN OYSTER

TOLD BY HIMSELF ABOUT HIMSELF  
AND HIS TRIBE.

The Trials and Tribulations of the  
Succulent Bivalve From the Time  
of Planting Until His Appearance  
on the Fishmonger's Counter.

There were about 900,000 of us when,  
as tiny flakes of spawn—or "spat," as  
the oyster spawn is called—we floated  
out into the water one day on "the  
fats."

At first we were white and apparent-  
ly lifeless. Then we turned gray and  
finally black. At this stage we became  
visibly alive. For several days we  
floated, the sport of waves and tides.  
Some of my brothers were carried out  
to sea and so vanished; others were  
swallowed by fish. At last we all be-  
gan instinctively to sink toward the  
bottom.

Then began again terrible destruc-  
tion. Many fell on mud—the most fal-  
lible thing a young oyster can do. These  
perished at once. Others attached  
themselves to plants and weeds which  
grew at the bottom of the sea. They  
lived for a time—so long at least as the  
plant remained alive. Then, when the  
plant died, they perished as well.

Fortunately for myself, I drifted on  
to a bit of "culch"—that is to say, one  
of the old shells which the dredgers  
and oyster men so carefully scatter all  
over the sea floor of an oyster bed. I  
settled with my deep shell upmost and  
my flat or right shell nearer the  
ground. At the time I did not know  
why I did this. I have since realized  
that it was because in that position I  
should be more easily able to eject the  
sand and grit which a rough sea some-  
times stirs up in shallow water. I at-  
tached myself firmly to my anchorage  
of "culch" and felt myself at last fairly  
started in life.

Soon I noticed that every single mor-  
sel of shell or stone around me was  
tenanted by tiny oysters, all lying in  
the same position as myself and all  
firmly anchored.

There I lay, unmoving, for nearly a  
year. Food, in the shape of tiny ani-  
cules, which an oyster loves best,  
was plentiful. When the water was  
thick with it, we all opened our shells  
wide, and, making currents in the wa-  
ter by means of the tiny hairs which  
fringe our gills and which men call our  
beards, we washed the dainties into  
our mouths. Our choicest delicacies  
were the minute green algae, which  
give to full grown oysters that greenish  
tinge that is the mark of the aristoc-  
ratic native.

When I first anchored myself, I was  
but the twentieth of an inch in diam-  
eter—so small, indeed, that a microscope  
would have been necessary to examine  
me. At that stage my shell was per-  
fectly transparent.

At the end of ten months I had in-  
creased in diameter to fully the size of  
a dime and become what is called  
"brood."

During all this time I had been learn-  
ing many things. I found out that it  
was necessary to close my shell tight  
when dangers of various kinds threat-  
ened, when the tide was low or, in win-  
ter, when frost was severe. You may  
perhaps imagine that an oyster is a  
creature of such low organism that it  
cannot see or feel much of what is go-  
ing on round about it. But you are  
wrong. The mantle fringe of an oyster  
is very sensitive. If you watched us  
from a boat in calm water, you would  
see that the mere shadow of the boat  
crossing an oyster bed would cause those  
of us upon whom it falls to close our  
shells immediately.

It was necessary to be most careful.  
Dangers were many and terrible. Sea  
urchins prowled among us and de-  
voured many. But of all our foes the  
worst is the five fingered starfish. One  
of my sisters, anchored not a yard  
away, fell a victim to this terror of  
the oyster beds. It clutched her with  
its long fingers. She closed her shell.

But the creature was not to be shak-  
en off. Hour after hour it clung there  
until on the second day after its first  
grip she, poor thing, opened her shell  
to get a mouthful of food. At once the  
starfish injected into her a fluid which  
stupified her so that she could not  
close again. Then the monster turned  
its shell inside out, shot itself into the  
open shell and devoured her.

Then, one day a year after I had  
floated as "spat," came a startling  
change in my existence. Something  
huge and heavy came out of the shadow  
of a boat above and approached,  
rasping and grating along the bottom.  
It was a great triangular dredge of  
wrought iron. At the bottom was a  
flat bar with a blunt edge, known to  
the dredgers as the "bit."

As the "bit" approached it scraped  
the bottom of the sea clean, and next  
instant I, too, found myself lifted  
and dropped into the net, together with  
hundreds like myself and a miscel-  
laneous collection of small soles and  
other things.

One of the men sorted over the catch  
and, having selected all the oysters  
and spat, "shaded" the rest back into  
the sea through a porthole.

I, in company with enormous quan-  
tities of other brood, was put into a  
"wash"—a measure holding five and a  
quarter gallons—and relaid. Here life  
was less eventful and food most plen-  
tiful. To fatten well an oyster must  
have a certain amount of fresh water.

In this snug retreat I passed from  
brood to half ware and from half ware  
to ware, or full grown oyster. But I  
still went on growing and developing,  
until one day the dredge swept me up  
again, and I was raised once more into  
the upper air and rapidly brought in.

I was then dropped into a large bag  
and suspended in a tank of fresh sea  
water, which is constantly renewed.  
There I await my final fate, which  
will, I fear, be a fishmonger's counter.  
—New York News.

A Critical Summary.  
"What do you think of that writer's  
work?"  
"Oh," answered Miss Cayenne, "he  
has said two or three clever things and  
several thousand others."—Washington  
Star.

## THE KANGAROO'S STORY.

Why the Does Throw Their Young  
Away When Hard Pressed.

"I have heard that men folk in their  
blindness deem our does to be lacking  
in the proper instincts of maternity be-  
cause they have found that a doe kan-  
garoo when hunted will throw away  
its offspring to save its own skin by  
hastening its speed. This," says Old  
Man Jack in the "Autobiography of an  
Australian Kangaroo" in Pearson's  
Magazine, "is simply scandalous and  
foolish."

"Men people are evidently not aware  
that our youngsters use the mother's  
pouch almost up to the age of maturity.  
Would they have our does attempt to  
fly from dogs and men and horses  
with youngsters weighing nearly fifty  
pounds in their pouches? The thing  
would be impossible.

"Among us a mother is taught to toss  
her youngsters to a place of safety  
when she is hard pressed. If she could  
not throw it to a place far safer in the  
circumstances than her own pouch she  
would turn at bay with it and face any  
odds.

"In the case of my mother, when we  
were chased, and sure as the hunt be-  
came dangerous she would pause, draw  
me out of her pouch, throw me care-  
fully into long scrub on her right, then  
turn sharply to her left, pause again  
until the bounds had seen her and then  
be off like the wind straight away from  
me."

## A Night Alarm.

Worse than an alarm of fire at night  
is the brassy cough of croup, which  
sounds like the children's death knell,  
and it means death unless something is  
done quickly. Foley's Honey and Tar  
never fails to give instant relief and  
quickly cures the worst forms of croup.  
Mrs. P. L. Cordier, of Mannington, Ky.,  
writes: "My three-year-old girl had a  
severe case of croup; the doctor said she  
could not live. I got a bottle of Foley's  
Honey and Tar. The first dose gave  
quick relief, and it saved her life." For  
sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm &  
Co. and R. J. Criss.

## HE WON THE AUDIENCE.

The Way Fred Douglass Got the Best  
of Captain Rynders.

The inextinguishable sense of humor in  
Frederick Douglass kept him clear of  
any sense of gloom, as was never bet-  
ter seen than on the once famous oc-  
casion when the notorious Isiah Rynders  
of New York, at the head of a mob,  
had interrupted an antislavery meet-  
ing, captured the platform, placed him-  
self in the chair and bidden the meet-  
ing proceed. Douglass was speaking  
and, nothing loath, made his speech  
only keener and keener for the inter-  
ference, weaving around the would be  
chairman's head a wreath of delicate  
sarcasm which carried the audience  
with it, while the diller wits of the  
burly despot could hardly follow him.  
Knowing only in a general way that he  
was being disesteemed, Rynders at last  
exclaimed, "What you abolitionists  
want to do is to cut all our throats!"  
"Oh, no," replied Douglass in his most  
delicately tones; "we would only cut your  
hair." And, bending over the shaggy  
and frowzy head of the Bowers tyrant,  
he gave a suggestive motion as of scis-  
sors to his thumb and forefinger with  
a professional politeness that instantly  
brought down the house, friend and  
foe, while Rynders quitted the chair in  
wrath and the meeting dissolved itself  
amid general laughter. It was a more  
cheerful conclusion perhaps than that  
sterner one—unknown in reforma-  
tory conventions—with which Shake-  
speare so often ends his scenes, "Exe-  
cutum fighting."—Thomas Wentworth  
Higginson in Atlantic.

## Ingrawm Appreciation.

Wealthy Patron—This portrait doesn't  
resemble my wife a particle—not a par-  
ticle.

Artist—No; it doesn't look much like  
her, but, oh, dear sir, the technique, the  
technique!

## Domestic Troubles.

It is exceptional to find a family where  
there are no domestic ruptures occa-  
sionally, but these can be lessened by  
having Dr. King's New Life Pills around.  
Much trouble they save by their great  
work in stomach and liver troubles. They  
not only relieve you, but cure. 25c at  
Frank G. Bland's drug store.

## THE BIGGEST AND BEST

Clothing store is the well known firm  
of Loar & White, who will correctly fit  
the young and old, the rich and poor,  
not only with one of their correct gar-  
ments, but will fit your pocket book as  
well. Their mammoth stock consists of  
the latest and best styles with prices to  
suit. all. Jan.26-14.

## FOR SALE.

One Shetland pony, weight 550 pounds,  
10 years of age, sound and very fine con-  
dition. One pony trap and harness.  
Outfit cheap if sold at once. Address  
Box 391, Weston, W. Va. Jan.19-14.

## Sweet Melody Flour.

Dancing every Friday and Tuesday  
evening from 8 to 12 at the Elk Bridge  
hall. Come and enjoy the new music  
just received, since the last dance. Most  
pleasant dance hall in town. Floor un-  
excelled. Violin and electric player mu-  
sic. Jan.17-14.

## FRESH MILK FOR SALE.

On and after Monday January 25 I  
will receive fresh milk from the country  
daily and will sell it in any quantity to  
local customers.

BECHLER'S BAKERY,  
20 Jan.04. 319 Pike Street.

Great sale now going on at Will Nus-  
baum's. Jan.14-14.

## WAYS OF THE MAGPIE.

The Bird Is Sociable, Secretive and  
Full of Mischief.

The magpie has the same sort of so-  
ciability, the same secretiveness, the  
same thirst for education—of a certain  
kind—the same inherent and ineradic-  
able love of mischief as has that very  
versatile and strength of character she  
is in any way equal to the raven. Fun  
she has in abundance, but hardly hu-  
mor. Conscious humor, that high and  
rare gift of man which interpenetrates  
and colors everything in life, is, I  
think, possessed in germ by the raven  
and the raven alone. You see it in his  
eye, in the pose of his head, in his  
walk, in every movement of his body.

The eye of the magpie is, like the wit  
of Dickens, always on the move, nerv-  
ous, excitable, glittering, scintillating.  
The eye of the raven is like the humor  
of Goldsmith. It has a faraway look.  
It dreams, it thinks, "It bodes and it  
bodes." It all but smiles. The magpie  
will pick up many words, or even sen-  
tences, and the old superstition that  
she will only talk or talk well if her  
tongue is slither with a thin and sharp  
silver sibilance died a natural death  
about the time that the coins of the  
realm had to be "milled" and so were  
rendered unsuitable for so stupidly  
cruel an operation.—R. Bosworth Smith  
in Nineteenth Century.

## Servants in Germany.

It is difficult in Germany for a pro-  
fessional rogue to enter a family as a  
domestic servant. There every servant  
has a character book, in which the mis-  
tress must enter the dates of the com-  
ing and leaving of the servant, with  
her character while in service. This  
the girl is obliged to take to the near-  
est police station and have it dated  
with the official stamp, thus preventing  
the manufacture of bogus recommen-  
dations.

## Information at Hand.

The Rev. Dr. Fourthly—I confess that  
this particular passage in the book of  
Revelation has always been somewhat  
obscure to me.

The Rev. K. Mowatt Lightly—Why,  
I cleared that all up in the first sermon  
I ever wrote. I shall be glad to let you  
read it some day.—Chicago Tribune.

## A Very Close Call.

"I stuck to my engine, although every  
joint ached and every nerve was racked  
with pain," writes C. W. eBilany, a lo-  
comotive fireman, of Burlington, Iowa.  
"I was weak and pale, without any ap-  
petite and all run down. As I was about  
to give up, I got a bottle of Electric  
Bitters, and after taking it, I felt as  
well as I ever did in my life." Weak,  
sickly, run down people always gain new  
life, strength and vigor from their use.  
Try them. A satisfaction guaranteed by  
Frank G. Bland, druggists. Price 50c.

## Sure of a Fine Funeral.

"Larry," said a merchant to a sturdy  
Irishman in his employ, "are you sav-  
ing any of your money?"  
"Indade I am, sir," replied Larry.  
"I've got \$400 hid away in a safe  
place."  
"But it isn't a public spirited policy  
to hoard money away," remarked the  
merchant, thinking to quiz him. "You  
ought to deposit it in a good bank, so  
as to keep it in circulation."  
"Sure I'll all go into circulation the  
second day after I'm dead, sir," said  
Larry proudly.—Youth's Companion.

## He Knew a Thing or Two.

Anaxagoras, the Athenian philoso-  
pher, who flourished in the fifth cen-  
tury before Christ, taught his scholars  
that wind was air set in motion by  
rarefaction; that the moon owed her  
light giving properties to the sun; that  
the rainbow was the resulting phenom-  
enon of reflection; that comets were wan-  
dering stars, and that the fixed stars  
were at an immeasurable distance be-  
yond the sun, besides giving them many  
other ideas thought to belong to more  
modern times.

## Saved from Terrible Death.

The family of Mrs. M. L. Bobbitt, of  
Bargerton, Tenn., saw her dying and  
were powerless to save her. The most  
skilled physicians and every remedy  
used, failed, while consumption was  
slowly but surely taking her life. In  
this terrible hour Dr. King's New Dis-  
covery for Consumption turned despair  
into joy. The first bottle brought im-  
mediate relief and its continued use com-  
pletely cured her. It's the most certain  
cure in the world for all throat and lung  
troubles. Guaranteed bottles 50c and  
\$1.00. Trial bottles free at Frank G.  
Bland's drug store.

## Diagnosed.

Amos Cummings of New York used  
to tell this story of his first assignment  
as a newspaper reporter: He was sent  
out to write up an accident where an  
Irish hodcarrier was injured in a fall  
from a building. He arrived just as  
two officers were assisting the injured  
man into the ambulance.

"What's his name?" asked Cummings  
of one of the officers, at the same mo-  
ment pulling out his pad and pencil.  
The Irishman heard him and, mistak-  
ing him for the timekeeper on the job,  
exclaimed, with a look of disgust cov-  
ering his face:

"Isn't it trouble enough to fall three  
stories without being docked for the  
few moments I lose going to the hos-  
pital?"

## Would Have Walked Too.

They tell this story in the commis-  
sioner's office at Ellis Island:  
Two Irish immigrants just arrived  
stood one morning on the government  
landing watching a dredger at work a  
few yards away. Presently a diver,  
full rigged, crawled painfully from the  
channel slime up a ladder to the deck  
of the dredge. One of the Irishmen,  
very much surprised, turned to his com-  
panion and said:

"Look at that mon! Look at him!  
Begorra, if I'd known the way over I'd  
walked too!"—New York Tribune.

## Gin in England in the Old Days.

Before intoxicating liquor was made  
dear by taxes and its sale was regulat-  
ed by licenses the use of it in England  
was astonishingly common. Not only  
were there in London 6,000 or 7,000  
regular dramshops, but cheap gin was  
given by masters to their work people  
instead of wages; sold by barbers and  
tobaccoists, hawked about the streets  
on barrows by men and women, openly  
exposed for sale on every market stall,  
forced on the maidservants and other  
purchasers at the chandler's shop, un-  
til, as one contemporary writer puts it,  
"one-half of the town seems set up to  
furnish poison to the other half."

## The Photographer's Good Work.

"Maud's latest photograph is just  
lovely."  
"Is it?"  
"Yes, I had to ask who it was."—  
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kindness is a language that even the  
dumb brute can understand; like si-  
lence it is golden and touches the heart  
of every animate thing in creation.—  
Maxwell's Tailsman.

## Ten Years in Bed.

R. A. Gray, J. P., Oakville, Ind.,  
writes: "For ten years I was confined to  
my bed with disease of my kidneys. It  
was so severe that I could not move part  
of the time. I consulted the very best  
medical skill available, but could get no  
relief until Foley's Kidney Cure was  
recommended to me. It has been a God-  
sent to me." For sale by Stone & Mer-  
cer, C. D. Sturm & Co. and R. J. Criss.

## Hobson's Choice.

"Tom—I've been bidden to her wed-  
ding, but I'm not going."  
Dick—But your absence will surely  
be noticed. Do you think you can af-  
ford that?

"Tom—Well, when you can't afford to  
have your presents noticed your ab-  
sence is imperative."—Philadelphia Press.

## Where It Should Begin.

"But why do you have your hero  
marry in the first chapter?" they asked.  
"Because," replied the author, "it has  
always seemed absurd to me to end a  
novel just where a man's troubles really  
begin. That's where you should be-  
gin the story."—Chicago Post.

When a man tells you that all wom-  
en are delusions and snares, it's dough-  
nuts to fudge he has been snared by a  
delusion.—Cooking Club.

## Cured After Suffering 10 Years.

B. F. Hare, Supt. Miami Cycle & Mfg.  
Co., Middletown, O., suffered for ten  
years with dyspepsia. He spent hun-  
dreds of dollars for medicine and with  
doctors, without receiving any perman-  
ent benefit. He says, "One night while  
feeling exceptionally bad I was about  
to throw down the evening paper when  
I saw an item in the paper regarding the  
merits of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I con-  
cluded to try it and while I had no faith  
in it I felt better after the second dose.  
After using two bottles I am stronger  
and better than I have been in years,  
and I recommend Kodol Dyspepsia Cure  
to my friends and acquaintances suffer-  
ing from stomach trouble." Sold by  
Wells and Haymaker.

## Properly Diagnosed.

Lushman—I'm troubled with head-  
aches in the morning. It may be on  
account of my eyes. Perhaps I need  
stronger glasses.

Dr. Shrader—No; I think you merely  
need weaker glasses and fewer at  
night.—Exchange.

## A Nice Light Business.

"Oh, yes, I've opened an office," said  
the young lawyer. "You may remem-  
ber that you saw me buying an alarm  
clock the other day."

"Yes," replied his friend, "You have  
to get up early these mornings, eh?"  
"Oh, no. I use it to wake me up  
when it's time to go home."—Philadel-  
phia Press.

## What's in a Name?

Everything is in the name when it  
comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. De  
Witt & Co., of Chicago discovered some  
years ago how to make a salve from  
Witch Hazel that is a specific for piles.  
For blind, bleeding, itching and protrud-  
ing piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and  
all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no  
equal. This has given rise to numerous  
worthless counterfeits. Ask for De-  
Witt's—the genuine. Sold by Wells &  
Haymaker.

## Got That Sack William Tell Flour Yet?

## WHY WINE FIRST TO HOST.

In America a Mere Formality, but in  
Italy a Real Necessity.

The wine was opened dextrously by  
the waiter, who before serving the  
guests poured a few drops into the  
host's glass.

"Why did this waiter give you a lit-  
tle wine before helping the rest of us?"  
asked a man of curious mind.

"Oh," said the host, "that's always  
done."

"I know it's always done. That does  
not answer my question, though. Here,  
waiter," the man persisted, "you tell  
me why when you open a bottle of  
wine you pour a few drops into the  
host's glass before serving the guests."

The waiter smiled and answered:  
"It's a matter of form, sir; an old  
custom, a politeness. Its origin lies in  
the fact that after the removal of the  
cork there might be left in the neck of  
the bottle a little dust or a few specks  
of cork. The first drops poured out  
would in that event contain the dust or  
the cork, and thus the guest were  
served first might get this refuse; hence  
the host is given the first drops.

"As a matter of fact, if you know  
how to open wine you have no difficulty  
in keeping the bottle's neck clean. The  
custom, therefore, is a formality in  
America. In Italy, though, it is a real  
necessity, for over there they pour a  
little oil in the necks of their bottles of  
native wine before corking on the  
ground that this makes the wine air-  
tight. No doubt it does, but it also in  
some cases gives to the first glass from  
the bottle a decidedly oily flavor. There-  
fore the first glass the host gallantly  
takes."—Philadelphia Record.

Waiting doesn't pay.  
If you neglect the aching back,  
Urinary troubles, diabetes, surely fol-  
low.

Doan's Kidney Pills relieve backache.  
Cure every kidney ill.  
Clarksburg citizens endorse them.

W. M. Cross, stationary engineer at  
the Walthour Candy Co., residence 327  
Jackson street, says: "It is some years  
since I first noticed that my back could  
not be depended upon, and latterly I was  
severely ever free from pain for one  
attack of backache was leaving just as  
its successor followed, so that I never  
knew the moment when the aching ceas-  
ed. Many a time I could scarcely get  
around and when at work was compelled  
to go about stooper, enduring twinges  
of dull nagging aching almost unbearable.  
To climb around the engine oiling it was  
often impossible, and I have on more  
than one occasion called assistance. As  
if backache of the pronounced kind was  
not sufficient to annoy the ordinary mor-  
tal there was added to it a weakness in  
the action of the kidney secretions plain-  
ly proving to me that my kidneys re-  
quired attention. I used medicine un-  
stintingly and spent a lot of money look-  
ing for help before Doan's Kidney Pills  
were brought to my notice. An ad-  
vertisement about them containing tes-  
timonials which were rather flattering in-  
fluenced me to go to Wells & Haymak-  
er's drug store for a box. A few days'  
treatment convinced me that they were  
acting upon the cause, and a continua-  
tion of the treatment until I had used  
two boxes stopped the last attack. My  
back at the present time is stronger than  
it has been for years."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents.  
Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole  
agents for the United States. Remember  
the name—Doan's—and take no substi-  
tute.

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careful newspaper for particular people.  
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